[Vol. 1] THE [No. 18.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 3, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

ON ENVY.

"*All human virtue to its latest breath,*
"*Finds Envy never conquered but by death.*" POPE.

All observers of mankind are agreed in depicturing Envy as the most base and detestable of passions. It is deserving of this character, as it is always engaged in contriving the destruction of the virtuous and good. No worth is secure from its machinations, and talents of every kind feel the effects of its malice. It is ever active and unconquerable. When the life of any one has been most irreproachable then is Envy most actively employed against it. To be vicious, base, and every thing that is bad, is the only way to be secure from its attacks.

Envy, for the most part, resides in the breasts of those who feel their incapacity of exciting affection and raising respect. Little minds and bad hearts cherish and employ it on every occasion. Some times it finds admission into the minds of great men, but if it be not checked or prevented from acting, something is wrong in the man. Though he may have great talents, he has no magnanimity, and must be bad at heart. Generally speaking, the envious are cowardly wretches, since they give vent to their malice by secret machinations. If a couragious man feels the passion and has not sufficient goodness to check, he vents it openly, and does not conceal himself from the resentment of those whom he has injured. But it is rarely found that any one expresses openly the suggestions of Envy, and this proves that Envy rarely resides with the brave. Indeed the truely brave are generally virtuous, and virtue and envy are inconsistent with each other.*

Were there no other methods of determining who were good and who bad, it might be easily determined by examining the conduct of men who have the same pursuits in life with regard to each other. At the first entrance into life they all feel emulous of excelling. For him who has outstripped the rest, the good have the higher esteem and love, notwithstanding they have not been able to equal him; while the bad become jealous and envious, and hate him in proportion as he is superior to them.

There are some so entirely depraved and malicious, as to injure others, who have no concern whatever with them, and whose path in life does not

* Fabius Maximus was envious of Scipio Africanus, but this was when he was eighty or ninety years of age, a period when all the great qualities of the mind naturally decay.

in the least interfere with their own. And they do not confine their malice to those who have a high standing in society, and who are loved and respected for their virtues ; but endeavor to destroy the peace of every one, who has content marked on his features, even though his life is as retired as it is possible for any one to be in society. As the bad passions of these men render them unhappy, they cannot bear that any one should be otherwise. They will have companions in misery, and their whole happiness consists in destroying that of others. Many are the instances of the successful endeavors of the envious. Many are the instances of the ruin of virtuous men effected by base and malicious people. They spread the most villainous reports respecting those whom they hate, and take special care, that the reports shall not be traced to their sources. It would in such case by easy to expose their villainy, and they would very often be chastised for it. But malice and cowardice are in close union. Besides, they have sagacity enough to know, that very often when a report can be traced to no source, it is often on that account more fully credited. It then looks like the general belief of the world. They are often at the greatest pain to give a moment's uneasiness to those they hate, and if their destruction cannot be effected, every method is taken to make them unhappy.

It has often been said, that generous minds should despise the carpings of Envy, conscious of rectitude should despise its attacks. It appears to me however that this conduct would be a sort of *felo de se*. A fair reputation is the most valuable possession, and if we take no measures to preserve it when threatened, we are consenting to its destruction. People are apt to imagine, that if we make no defence, we are unable to do it, and therefore believe whatever is said against us. The opinion of the world is not to be despised. Without its good opinion we had better be dead, as our lives must be unhappy.

I think, therefore, every man should when defamed use every means, to discover the secret enemy, and when discovered to chastise him in an exemplary manner. As these secret assailants are cowards, when they found themselves liable to discovery and punishment, they would cease from their attacks, and if Envy cannot be entirely conquered, it may be rendered impotent.

BARCA.

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FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

AN ADDRESS TO MARRIED LADIES.

Without any desire to be considered wiser than the rest of the thinking part of the world, I would wish to communicate to married ladies a secret of inestimable value, and which (if properly attended to, however bitter it may on the first taste appear,) will not fail to give a never fading lustre to beauty.

To keep a husband true, the wife must herself be strictly virtuous, nor fond of the company of other men, however innocent may be their conversasion and amusements. Where she cannot, consistently with truth, take his part in public argument, instead of joining against him, she should either be silent, or prudently endeavor to turn the conversation on other objects. Nothing more effectually lessens man or wife in the eyes of the world, than when they publicly differ in opinion ; and it is of little consequence which may have the most reason on their side, since both will equally suffer by the decision. Modesty and diffidence are the greatest ornaments of married women.

If decently ornamenting the person is indispensably necessary before marriage, it is still more so after ; and nothing can be more fatal to conjugal hap-

piness, than that carelessness of dress, that loose and disorderly attire, to which too many married ladies give themselves up. When a husband finds in his wife a very different woman from her he courted, indifference, if not disgust, will undoubtedly ensue, and there will be no wonder in it if the husband roves abroad, like the bee in search of new sweets.

That enchanting instrument, the female tongue, when properly tuned, is more powerful than all the charms of music;—by this the stubborn soul of mankind is softened. Men would not know how to refuse, if women knew but how to ask. Were every woman, in this respect, a Cleopatra, every man would be a Marc Antony. Happily for men, the generality of women do not know their own power, or how much mankind would be their slaves, were they constantly to exert those tender and endearing arts which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon them. Anger, violence, and rage, deform the female figure; and a turbulent woman disgraces the delicacy of her sex.—Where violence reigns love soon quits that habitation. Be advised, ye fair, never be loud nor violent, if you mean or wish to be happy.

The characteristic of an engaging temper is mildness and chearfulness; and with these two qualities a woman must please a husband. To engaging manners, women owe the stability of their empire, and the less power they assume the more they are sure to have.

Too many women, so far from betaking themselves to the road pointed out by nature, seem to counteract its intentions. Some instead of mildness, their natural appendage, assume an imperious haughtiness, kindling at the slightest contradiction, and imposing their sallies as laws. Others, mistaking arrogance for an air of grandeur, despise delicacy as a mean virtue, and besides an overbearing freedom in all their behavior, a peremtory pride displays itself in their countenance and nod. Some others, instead of that placid serenity so suitable to their sex, affect gloominess and melancholy—they are no sooner out of bed, than they set up their lamentations; every thing vexes them even to provocation—they wish themselves in their graves—and thus, instead of that pleasure and harmony which Hymen promised them, they diffuse sadness and langour around them.

My fair countrywomen will readily excuse the libery I have here taken in censuring the conduct of some ladies; for if they look around them, they will find too many originals that correspond with this picture.

It is true indeed, that there are some men of so perverse a disposition, that neither love nor friendship can subdue their ferocity; but let married women take this as a certain rule—If love and tenderness are not capable of bringing a man to reason, fury and violence never can. ATTICUS.

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FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

MR. POOL,

I have lately observed many little critics in embryo, who appear to possess every characteristic of those men whom the witty Dean of St. Patrick's has so justly eulogized, and who only want a little practice to make them eminent in their profession. Perhaps it may be pleasing to these men, to see the eulogy on their ancestors, as they are no doubt lineal descendants. I therefore request its insertion in your paper, and you will oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.

FROM SWIFT'S TALE OF A TUB.

Though I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing, laid down by the example of our illustrious *moderns*; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my *good lords the Critics*. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves and

their *art*, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the antient and present state thereof.

By the word *Critic*, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in *antient books and pamphlets*. For, first by this term was understood, such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the *learned* from his taste to a true relish of the *sublime* and the *admirable*, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: In their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinborough streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way; not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in, or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of *Critic* in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit, and that a *Critic* who sets up to read, only for an occation of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a *Judge*, who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word *Critic*, have been meant the restorers of antient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now, the races of those two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most antient of all. Every True Critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the Elder, who begat B--tley, and Rym-r, and W-tton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat Etcætera the Younger.

And these are the *Critics*, from whom the commonwealth of Learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed the origine in Heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind, than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more compleat, when all *other* vermin were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. Hercules most generously did, and hath upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries, than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose, it is, why some have conceived, it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every *True Critic*, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or from some convenient *altitude*; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of *criticism*, and the close analogy it bears to *heroic virtue*, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a *true antient genuine Critic*; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augea's dung; or else drive away a sort of *dangerous fowl*, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the *tree of knowledge*, like those *Stymphalian* birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true *Critic*; that, he is *discoverer and collector of writer's faults*; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration: That whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this antient sect has honored the world, shall immediately find from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the Authors have been altogether conversant and taken

up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers; and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad, does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else, but an *Abstract* of the *Criticisms* themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a *Critic*, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those, who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of *Criticism* as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly *modern*; and consequently, that the Critics of Great-Britain and France have no title to an original so antient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out on the contrary, that the antient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a *True Critic*, agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have for a long time borne a part in this general error; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble *moderns*, whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country: These have with unwearied pains made many useful searches into the weak sides of the *antients*, and given us a comprehensive list of them. * Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later pens; and that the noblest discoveries those *antients* ever made, of art or of nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shews, how little merit those *antients* can justly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with *present things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these *antients*, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavored from some passages in their works to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader by *satyr*, or *panegyric*, upon the *Critics*, in imitation of their *masters*, the *moderns*. Now, in the *common-places* of † both these I was plentifully instructed by a long course of useful study in *Prefaces* and *Prologues*; and therefore immediately resolved to try, what I could discover of either by a diligent perusal of the most antient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found to my great surprize, that although they all entered upon occasion into particular descriptions of the True Critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventurning no father than *mythology* and *hieroglyphic*. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging the silence of authors against the Antiquity of the *True Critic*; though the *types* are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any reader of a *modern eye* and *taste* could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident will put this question beyond dispute.

[*To be continued.*]

* *See Wotton of Antient and Modern Learning.*

† *Satyr, and Panegyric upon Critics.*

Few among mankind are able, and perhaps fewer are willing, to take the trouble of preserving with consistency a system of principles purely of their own selection. They seperate themselves into large divisions, which, like the flock conducted by the sheep and bell, implicitly tread in the footsteps of some distinguished leader. Thus is the pain of consulting the judgement in every emergency easily avoided. The road becomes a beaten and a wide one, and each individual knows where to step, only by seeing where another has stept before him. [*Knox.*

STANZAS.

From the Portuguese of Camoens.

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes:
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave—
His life a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train;
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding Pow'r
Which rightly suffers wrong;
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour,
But Virtue late and long.

THE SAILOR.

BY SELLECK OSBORN.

The weary sea-bird screams afar;
Along the wave dire omens sweep;
From the veil'd sky no friendly star
Beams on the undulating deep!

Hark! from the cliffs of distant shores
The lom emits his dismal cry—
The wave portentous warning roars,
And speaks the threat'ning tempest nigh!

What guardian angel's watchful pow'r
Shall snatch me from the angry deep,
Or bid, in that tremendous hour,
The dæmon of the waters sleep;

Or who, if on some desert wild
I drift, weak, famish'd and distress'd,
Shall hush the sorrows of my child,
And sooth Lavina's wounded breast?

Sweet objects of my early love!
For you with aching heart I mourn;
Far from your peaceful vale I rove,
Ah! hopeless ever to return.

Yet, should it be my happier lot
To hail again my native shore,
Secure, within my humble cot,
I'll brave the restless deep no more.

His pray'r was heard. The rolling barque
Rode thro' the storm with stubborn pride;
And William, blithe as morning lark,
Flew to his sweet enraptur'd bride.

Yet Will, with love and liquor warm,
Ere yet a month had pass'd in glee,
Forgot the terrors of the storm,
And, singing, squar'd away for sea!

From Smith's Rhyme and Reason.

TO THE ADMIRERS OF PETRARCH.

Were you a moment to reflect upon it,
You'd find, in praising Petrarch, how you blunder'd;
A man in love, I grant, may write a sonnet,
The deuce is in him if he write a hundred!

Forget old Petrarch's dull pedantic lays,
With tender thoughts no virgin's breast they fill;
But such as, stale and old, to mend thier ways,
Hang on the enraptur'd tongue of Rowland H—.

With such Dan Petrarch may perhaps have merit,
In this the poet may with H— agree;
To extol that junction of the flesh and spirit
Which fires the bosom of the devotee.

Let such write amorous hymns in language quaint,
If you love Chloe, like a man go win her;
Nor call the girl an angel, or a saint;
Tell her she'll make a verypretty sinner.

From the Portland Gazette.

IMPROMPTU,

ON THE UNUSUAL COLDNESS OF THE SEASON.

Should garret Bards attempt to sing,
Thy op'ning beauties, lovely Spring,
And from their high poetic station,
Descend, to view thy *new* creation,
And saunter round, in search of *Roses*,
I'll bet a crown, 'twould freeze their *Noses*.

April 3, 1806. SIMON M'Q.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tournefort mentions a Venetain consul, who resided at Smyrna that lived to the age of 218 years and never drank any thing but water, which is said to be the universal and only liquor of the New Zealanders, who enjoy the most perfect and uninterrupted health, entirely untainted with disease ; not a single person having been seen by captain Cook that had any bodily complaint : nor among the numbers that presented themselves to that renowned navagator, that state of nudity, was there an individual perceived who had even the slightest eruption upon the skin, or the least mark that indicated that any had formerly existed. It may, perhaps, be worthy of notice, that two of the most athelic characters of antiquity, and a modern hero, whose intrepidity was long the admiration of all Europe, were among the practical advocates of this wholesome element. That water is not an incentive to vice, like many of the liquors in common use, and that its votaries are exempt from the disgrace of ebriety, has been observed by Shakespeare : "honest water," says the immortal bard, "is too weak to be a sinner ; it ne'er left man i' th' mire ;" whereas "strong drink," as Solomon remarks, "is raging ; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

The ancients usually diluted their wines with a considerable portion of water : a custom that even the "tuneful Telan, of far famed bacchanalian memory, appears to have sanctioned by his own example ;

Bring hither boy, a mighty bowl,
And let me quench my thirsty soul,
Fill two parts water, fill it high ;
And one of wine, for I am dry,
Thus let the limpid stream allay
The jolly god's too potent sway. *Anacreon.*

THE FLATTERER.

Of all the various characters among mankind, no one is more degrading to human nature than a flatterer. Flattery is not only odious to veracity, but it proves a want of true sense, a want of esteem for those whom it was intended to please, and a deficiency of delicate sentiment. Even the wild uncultivated aboriginal is a stranger to dissembled thought. His tongue is governed by the genuine dictates of sincerity. But can we compare the mind brightened with the genial glow of knowledge, to the rude child of nature ? In fact, the latter boasts pre-eminence. He soars aloft on wings of truth, looks down with scorn, and upbraids the civilized world for flattery, which puts sensibility to the blush, and shocks even the harsher feelings of unpolished men. When the influence of a sycophant, like the fatal charms of a siren's voice, deludes fair innocence, virtue recoils and turns abhorent from the rueful scene.

It is necessary for every member of society to posess the art of pleasing, as it not only unites thought with thought, but tunes the mind to notes of love, sympathy, and friendship. But alas ; shall the enchanting smiles of a parasite allure the daughter of virtue, and blight her opening blossoms .Forbid it, ye genii, the guardian protectors of fair innocence !

When we see the rose of beauty torn from the bosom of candour, by the fatal hand of a sycophant, and all the delicacies of female worth offered up as a sacrifice at the altar of savage barbarity, can the manly feelings of the independant soul cease to vibrate with the warmest touches of pity ? Blush, frightful monster, at thy vileness ! thy crime is of blackest hue, and tells the world that treachery of soul is thine. Thy deadly venom taints the blended streams of mutual love, dissolves the ties of amity, and poisons all the endearing affections that conspire to render man agreeable to man. Virtue will not hold society with such traitors, base, degenerate, as thou art. She dreads thy near approach, and shrinks with horror at thy ghastly look.

Learn, ye fair, to despise the alluring voice of the flatterer. His breath will blast the bloom of loveliest charms. When once by flattery caught, your drooping beauty weeps, virtue drops a tear of regret, and innocence shall mourn the loss of worth.

HUMOUR.

An Irish painter, in one of the Dublin journals, among a number of paintings which he advertises, mentions a representation of *Death*, as large as life.

A Mr. *Augur* in a southern paper, advertises a large tract of land for sale. We should advise adventurers to be cautious how they purchase, as, from the name of the proprietor, we think there is a probability of their being *bored*.

In a London paper the marriage of a Miss Fish to a Mr. Hooke is mentioned. The young lady had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and married her paramour without a penny. By a neat scriptural allusion, the London editors remark that the *draft* may well be called miraculous. This connexion we are not authorised to contradict, but if this be the case, as here stated, we suppose that the lady, to bite at an unbaited *hook*, must be an odd *fish* indeed.

In a Philadelphia paper we notice a matrimonial connexion between a Mr. M'Cullogh and a Miss Pickle. Should the affections of the former incline him to wander from his spouse, her maiden name, we think must possess great efficacy in *preserving* them.

The marriage of a Mr. HYDE to a Miss CHINA is announced in a paper printed in the capital of a sister state. We cannot but applaud the address and prudence of the young lady, who has thus fairly got rid of a name of *tender* and *frangible* import, in exchange for one of so *tough* a material.

IRISHISM.

"Who lives there, honest friend?" Says a travelling stranger,
As on through the country of Antrim he sped,
And who fancied that houses shut up implied danger,
"Lives there (answer'd Teague) why a man that is dead."
"When did he die?" quouth the stranger, more gally,
Teague paus'd—scratch'd his caxon, so straight and so sleek—
Then replied "by my conscience, my Jewel, why really,
If he'd liv'd till to day, he'd been dead a whole week."

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. George S. Johonnot, to Mrs. Martha Grafton. Mr. Benjamin Eaton, of Marblehead, to Mrs. Hannah Andrews, of this town.

DEATHS.

At the entrance of New-York harbor, Mr. John Pearce, killed by a shot from a British ship of war.

At Quebec, Nathaniel Taylor, Esq. æt. 72, formerly of Boston.

In Boston, Mr. Thomas Sherburne, æt. 65. Capt. Samuel Treat, æt. 55. Mr. Simeon Wade, æt. 49.

At Marblehead, Mr. Robert Smith, æt. 82, formerly of this town.

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